

LADY'S & GENTLEMAN'S  
WEEKLY  
*Literary Museum,*  
AND  
Musical Magazine.

No. 8.....*Music Series.*] PHILADELPHIA, FEBRUARY 22, 1819. [*Museum.....No 18. Vol. III.*]

TERMS, One Dollar every Three Months, in advance.  
ADVERTISEMENTS, inserted at the customary prices, (not occupying more than one page.)

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At 164 S. Eleventh-st. near Locust.

At W. Charles's Bookstore, S. Third st.

And at D. Hogan's, Market-st. near Sixth.

WANTED,

A person to collect subscribers to this work, and some others, now publishing. A liberal per centage will be allowed. Apply at this office.

SHAKSPEARE ON MUSIC.

Shakspeare has always been remarked for the expression of his attachment to harmony; and in many instances with an eloquence and fidelity to nature utterly incomparable. But among all the productions of the immortal bard, in our opinion there are none which contain so many eminent beauties in this particular, as the play of the "Merchant of Venice." The most exquisite description of the power of music we remember to have seen, is given by "Lorenzo" in the last act of this play: he declares to "Jessica,"

"Do but note a wild and wanton herd,  
Or race of youthful and unhandled colts,  
Fetching mad bounds bellowing and neighing loud,  
Which is the hot condition of their blood;

No. 18.

If they but hear perchance a trumpet sound,  
Or any air of music touch their ears,  
You shall perceive them make a mutual stand,  
Their savage eyes turn'd to a modest gaze,  
By the sweet power of music: therefore the poet  
Feigned that Orpheus drew trees, stones and floods;  
Since naught so stockish, hard, and full of rage,  
But music for the time doth change his nature.  
The man that hath no music in his soul,  
Nor is not moved with concord of sweet sounds,  
Is fit for treasons, stratagems and spoils!  
The motions of his spirit are dull as night,  
And his affections, dark as Erebus:—  
Let no such man be trusted."

Although these inimitable lines are usually uttered on the stage by those who are either unconscious of their excellence or want the power of displaying it, what can be more poetical, or indicate an attachment to harmony more enthusiastic and sincere than that which Shakspeare has here so charmingly embodied. It is the imagery of nature glowing in all her freshness; and breathing as it were in the inspiration of liquid melody. A subject for the divine pencil of a Raphael, a Titian, or an Angelo, is presented at a single view, and of matchless felicity; for what can be more delightful than the impression which is awakened in the "unhandled colts" who "make a mutual stand,

Their savage eyes turn'd to a modest gaze,  
By the sweet power of music."

[FRANKLIN MONITOR.]

Vol. III.

## THEATRICAL MEMOIRS.

(Continued.)

"**MR. INCLEDON**, *Covent-Garden*. This gentleman is a native of Cornwall, where his father was a respectable physician. Whether from the inclination of our young hero, or the numerous progeny of his parents, and consequent difficulty of providing for them, master Charles was, when only eight years old, articulated to Mr. Jackson, of Exeter, whose musical compositions are so justly celebrated. Young Incledon's voice, at a very early period, excited admiration; and under such an excellent tutor, we need not wonder if the rapid progress he made in the science rendered him a little idol in all the concerts and musical parties about the neighbourhood. But having gone through a tolerable musical education, he, at the end of six or seven years, felt the love of his country rise superior to every other consideration, and scorning Apollo, when Britannia was in danger, entered as a midshipman on board the *Formidable*, A. D. 1779.

He went to the West Indies, and during the two years he continued in the navy, was in several engagements. His vocal powers were extremely agreeable to his messmates, and their reputation soon recommended him to the particular notice of the most eminent noblemen and gentlemen in the fleet, with whom he became a very great favourite. With a view of putting him into the proper sphere, where his powers would be most serviceable to himself, he was persuaded to return to England, and to attempt the stage. Lord Mulgrave, Admiral Pigot, and others, gave him letters to Mr. Colman, and he made application to our modern Terence, in the summer of 1782; but though his naval patrons had praised him to the skies, the manager did not comply with their request.

Determined, however, to attempt a profession, which he had been so often advised, and in which he had for some time thought himself capable of succeeding, he joined Collins's company at Southampton, where the sound of his voice had sufficient interest to procure him a situation. He made his *entree* as *Alphonso* in the *Castle of Andalusia*; and was received with the most flattering approbation. He had been about a year in this corps, and had experienced a large portion of the difficulties usually encountered by itinerant play-

ers, when the fame of his abilities having reached Bath, he was engaged by the managers in that city.

It was his musical talents alone that obtained him this engagement, for his abilities as an actor were not much valued; and the disappointments he had already met with, discouraged him from displaying with the necessary confidence the acquirements he had made in the science of music, under Jackson. He was regarded as little better than a chorus singer, and obliged to personate the most trifling and disagreeable characters; but fortunately the penetration of his musical *amateurs* in that city soon discovered his value. Rauzzini, the conductor of the concerts, who, as a teacher, a composer, or a man of exquisite taste, has few equals, one evening, in a song between the acts, perceived Incledon's great natural powers, and that he possessed a tolerable knowledge in music; he immediately took him under his care, and gave him the best instructions a pupil could receive: he sung at the concerts in Bath and Bristol with great applause, and was engaged at the Vaux-hall, London, in the summer, where his success was still more flattering, and Rauzzini's patronage in a few months brought him from obscurity into universal estimation.

His presence was now courted by every company; he was the favourite at the noblemen's catch-club in Bath, which he assisted in establishing; and Doctor Harrington, the most eminent physician there, a gentleman of great musical genius, became his particular friend. By being under such a master as Rauzzini six or seven years, he received a complete musical education, and became a great favourite on the stage; yet it is extraordinary that during the whole of his stay in Bath, where he was almost worshipped by all ranks for his abilities, he never, even in his last season, was brought so forward in the theatre as might have been expected. Mr. Wordsworth, who performed some seasons ago at Sadler's Wells, occupied the first walk in Bath; and Mr. Incledon was obliged to content himself with the second.

He made his *debut* as *Dermot* in *The Poor Soldier*, on Covent-Garden stage, in October 1790, and met with a very warm reception. But here it is necessary to remark, that having been often heard at Vaux-hall, a place which has become proverbial for vulgar songs and singers, the pub-



lic opinion was made up upon the extent of his talents in a theatre; and the very circumstance of his being a *Vaux-hall singer*, was sufficient with the multitude, who have no judgment of their own, to make great success for him in drama a ridiculous expectation. But the voice which, in common with all others, was never listened to in Vaux-hall Gardens, by persons of musical taste, had a very unexpected effect when confined within a theatre; and it was now for the first time discovered by the town, that Incledon united with one of the finest voices ever heard, great science, pathos, taste and execution. But the managers did not at first put him very forward, and for the fame he has acquired, he is wholly indebted to the irresistible force of his own merit.

Mr. Incledon has added greatly to his reputation, by a very fine and affecting execution of the songs of Handel and other composers of sacred music, during the oratorios in Lent, for which he has been regularly engaged every year. In ballads he is allowed to stand unrivalled; his *Young William* (melodised by himself), his *Last Whistle*, *Black-eyed Susan*, and other songs of that description, will never be forgotten by those who have once heard them. His *Storm* is a masterly and astonishing performance, and his style is so perfectly expressive of the horrors of a tempest, and the confusion and despair of the sufferers, that, independent of the amazement excited by the vast power and flexibility of voice which he displays in this undertaking, the effect upon the audience is always as strong as any impression produced by the finest piece of acting. *Old Towler* is another of those efforts which have delighted the public in a degree beyond all precedent and comparison surprising.

The extraordinary talents of Mr. Incledon have been acknowledged in every part of Great Britain and Ireland; the certainty of his attraction having induced the proprietors of almost every theatre in the country to make him advantageous proposals; and fame and emolument have accompanied him in all his provincial expeditions.

Mr. Incledon has been twice married; by his first wife he has several children living, on whom, (before he entered the second matrimonial engagement, which was soon after, with Miss Howell at Bath) he made a handsome settlement."

Mr. Incledon's late visit to the United States was hailed, with pleasure, by every amateur of exquisite singing.—In Philadelphia, New-York, and every other city in which he displayed his vocal powers, he was received with those bursts of applause which he richly merited.—His conduct, while here, was not allied to that of many others of his profession who have visited our shores. He was sensible of, and grateful for, the partiality displayed—his liberal mind was not bounded by niggardly calculations of pounds, shillings, and pence, and, while he received a generous remuneration for his efforts, he generously bestowed his services to the aid of charitable institutions in this and other cities—*Query?* Did another vocalist, Mr. Philipps, act in the same manner?—No! he refused, in the most pointed terms, to sing any of his songs, for the benefit of a charitable institution unless he was paid for so doing.—Comment is unnecessary. EDIT.

#### SELECTED ANECDOTES.

A poor fellow, in Scotland, creeping through the hedge of an orchard, with an intention to rob it, was seen by the owner, who called out to him, "Sawney! hoot mon, where are you going?"—"Bock again," says Sawney.

A barber, shaving a thin-faced man, put his finger into his mouth, to push out the hollow of his cheek, and happening to make a slip, cut through the poor fellow's face. "Oh curse your lantern jaws," cries the barber, "I've spoilt my finger."

The late Mr. Warton hearing a young man in the common room very vehement in his abuse on the duke of——for selling the carp out of his pond, remarked, that it did not surprise him, as he always was told that his grace was a *sel-fish* man.

Harmonides, a disciple of Timotheus, asked his master one day, how he should conduct himself, in order to obtain the prize of music at a public opera that was then to be performed. "If the theatre be thin," says the old man, "play your best, for the audience may be probably select and judicious; but to a crowded house, be sure you play as ill as you can, because the multitude have *Midas's ears*."

## WHILST WITH VILLAGE MAIDS I STRAY.

SUNG BY  
MRS. DE LUCE.

AFFETUOSO.

Whilst with vil - lage maids I stray, Sweetly wears the joy - ous day;

Whilst with vil - lage maids I stray, Sweet-ly wears the joyous day;

Cheerful glows my art - less breast, Mild Con - tent the con - stant guest,

Cheer - ful glows my art - less breast, Mild Con - tent the

constant guest - the constant guest!

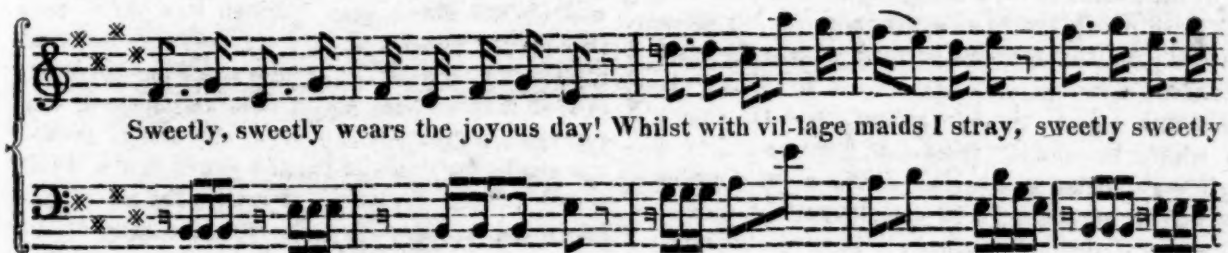




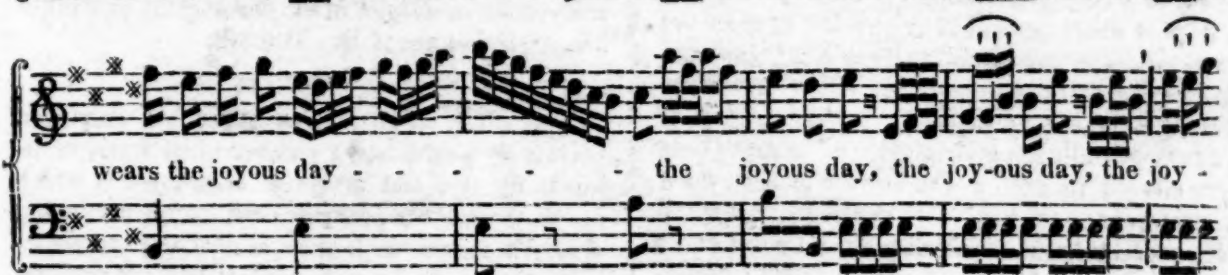
Whilst with village maids I stray, Sweetly wears the joyous day, Cheerful glows my artless breast,



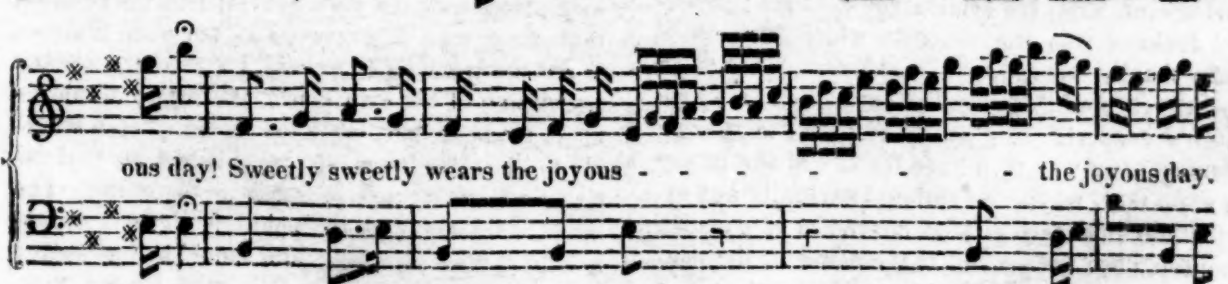
Mild Content the constant guest - - - - -



Sweetly, sweetly wears the joyous day! Whilst with vil-lage maids I stray, sweetly sweetly



wears the joyous day - - - - - the joyous day, the joy-ous day, the joy -



ous day! Sweetly sweetly wears the joyous - - - - - the joyous day.



## LITERARY AND MUSICAL MAGAZINE.

PHILADELPHIA, FEB. 22, 1819.

## Mrs. De Luce's Concert,

BY POSTPONEMENT,

*Will take place to-morrow evening, 7 o'clock, at the Masonic Hall.*

The national interest which is ever excited in the minds of a grateful people, was never exhibited in a more possible point of view, than at the Olympic Theatre last Tuesday evening. No sooner was it known that the "Hero of Orleans" was to visit that place of entertainment, than an immense concourse of anxious expectants crowded to the doors, to view the general, and welcome him with just plaudits of approbation. No other place of public amusement, seemed to be in the least attended, notwithstanding the most attracting allurements. Even the Concert of Mrs. De Luce, on which the public mind had been raised to a high sense of anticipated pleasure, seemed to be forgotten, in the rage to see so gallant a character as General A. Jackson. The whole populace, as it were, seemed to be striving to enter the circus—not, certainly not, to view the "real water," on the stage, as announced in the bills of the evening—we have a more favourable opinion of the taste of Philadelphians, than to suppose they were allured in such crowds to see a mere show in preference to the real satisfaction derived from correct harmony as displayed by the sweet melody of Mrs. De Luce's voice. No! General Jackson was the magnet, which Mr. Allen may thank, for filling his coffers. Though in consequence of this popular curiosity, Mrs. De Luce's concert, was postponed (*until to-morrow evening*), we will then have it more in our power to say, that, whenever national partiality and interest for any distinguished character of our own country, does not prevail at the moment, the people of this city will never forget to encourage a NATIVE genius, like that of Mrs. De Luce, when a thought occurs to the mind, of the profuse manner in which they have always given their support to others who have crossed the ocean.

A curious trial lately took place in New York, which occupied the Mayor's court three days—

It might with propriety be styled, "Much ado about nothing."—The inspector of oil has insisted on a vender of that article paying duties—when lo! opposition was made to paying, on the plea that a whale was not a fish!

To support the argument, the sapient Dr. Mitchell exerted his usual ability, and the jury were extremely puzzled, until at last Dr. M. quoted the first chapter of Genesis, in support of his opinion, viz—"that God created great whales, and every living creature that moveth, which the waters brought forth abundantly," from which he wisely inferred that the whale was a separate creation from fishes! This set the other party "scripture searching," and they found in the Old Testament a text which states, that "Jonah was in the belly of the fish three days and three nights," and in the New, that "Jonah was three days (the precise number of days occupied with the trial) in the whale's belly." These texts put together, proved that a whale was a fish, and besides, that the Doctor's text, if it proved any thing, proved too much, for it would equally prove that a whale is not a living creature. Finally, the whale was permitted by the Jury to continue king of the scaly tribe in despite of the theological and ingenious arguments of Dr. Mitchell.

The editor of an eastern paper has displayed his wit by publishing a number of articles, relating to foreign and domestic affairs, all of which are of the most improbable cast,—after occupying nearly a column with these absurd and contradictory statements, he very gravely tells his readers, that they are the coinage of his own brain!—Were the mischief to extend no farther than the circulation of his own paper, the injury would be of no moment, but, we have actually seen several of his mis-statements republished as real articles of intelligence in other newspapers. The mode of trifling with the public feelings is no less insulting than injurious, and should be reprobated by every candid mind. It is well known that, particularly in the country, numberless persons regard an article in the newspaper, they are in the habit of reading, as oracular, and of course, the impression made on their minds by such acts must be erroneous.

In a Washington paper there is an account of



a duel between Gen. Mason and Mr. M'Carty—they fought at 12 feet distance with *muskets* loaded with three balls each. Gen. M. was killed on the spot, and Mr. M'C. wounded in the arm—both these gentlemen were law-makers, Gen. M. was lately a senator—and Mr. M'C. was a member of the house of delegates—The oath administered, to such persons, on taking their respective seats is, that they will preserve inviolate the constitution and laws of the United States.—Murder is certainly a breach, added to which they also were guilty of perjury, by the act of fighting a duel—the sin against the laws of God and man is therefore highly aggravated in this instance, and, if any addition could be affixed to the crime, they were nearly related, both by the ties of consanguinity and by marriage—a person who is acquainted with the parties informs me that Gen. M. has been engaged in several rencontres of a similar nature, in which he invariably came off victorious, owing to his superiority in the science of shooting with a pistol,—and that this extraordinary and barbarous mode of fighting, must have been chosen by his antagonist for that reason, as he must have known that he stood no chance in the common way. Be it as it may, the event is deplorable for both parties and their relatives—A member of the senate has proposed a resolution to dismiss from the army and navy, such officers as were directly or indirectly concerned in the affair. Instead of suspending them from their employments, it would be better to *suspend them in another way.*

[Selections.]

#### WEAK STATE OF WOMAN.

Women want much of the strength of men; and, in some countries, the stronger sex have availed themselves of this superiority, in cruelly and tyrannically enslaving those who were made with equal pretensions to a share in all the advantages life can bestow. Savage nations oblige their women to a life of continual labour; upon them rests all the drudgeries of domestic duty; while the husband, indolently reclined in his hammock, is first served from the fruits of her industry. From this negligent situation he is seldom roused, except by the calls of appetite, when it is necessary, either by fishing or hunting, to make a variety in his entertainments. A savage has

no idea of taking pleasure in exercise; he is surprised to see an European walk forward for his amusement, and then return back again. As for his part, he could be contented to remain for ever in the same situation, perfectly satisfied with sensual pleasures and undisturbed repose. The women, therefore, of these countries, are the greatest slaves upon earth; sensible of their weakness, and unable to resist, they are obliged to suffer those hardships which are naturally inflicted by such as have been taught, that nothing but corporeal force ought to give pre-eminence. It is not, therefore, till after some degree of refinement, that women are treated with lenity; and not till the highest degree of politeness, that they are permitted to share in all the privileges of man. The first impulse of savage nature is to confirm their slavery; the next, of half barbarous nations, is to appropriate their beauty; and that of the perfectly polite, to engage their affections. In civilized countries, therefore, women have united the force of modesty to the power of their natural charms; and thus obtain that superiority over the mind, which they are unable to extort by their strength.

#### SLIGHT OF HAND.

The sieur Boaz, (the slight of hand man) was accosted in the usual style by a retailer of oranges. "Well my lad," says the sieur, "how do you sell?"—"Two-pence a-piece, sir," quoth the man. "High-priced, indeed," rejoined the deceiver; "however, we'll try them." Cutting an orange into four pieces, "Behold," says the sieur, (producing a *new guinea* from the inside of the orange,) "how your fruit repays me for your extortion. Come, I can afford to purchase *one more*," and he repeated the same experiment, as with the first. "Well, to be sure," says he, "they are the first fruit I ever found to produce golden seeds." The sieur then wished to come to terms for his whole basket; but the astonished clodpole, with joyous alacrity, ran out of the house, and, reaching home, began to quarter the contents of the whole basket. But alas! the *seeds* were no more than the produce of nature—the conjuror only possessing the *golden art.*

An Irishman being told he was very wicked—"Och," says paddy, "I am wicked enough, thank God."

## AN OFFER to Printers.

Since the addition of MUSIC to the "Museum," the number of newspapers from distant parts, sent to us for exchange, has become very burthensome to reciprocate. The support which the paper receives by *original* communications, and the portion which the Music occupies, necessarily exclude many *selections* of merit which might be made from the different papers received. These circumstances render an extensive exchange useless. But the Editor never wishing to be considered churlish, begs leave to submit the following proposal to his brother editors, who desire to be supplied with his "Musical Magazine." The terms of subscription are One Dollar every three months. The price of an *Advertisement* inserted three times in almost any paper, is the same. Every Printer who will advertise the paper, (as below) shall be considered a subscriber, and receive the Nos. three months, for every three insertions quarterly.

H. C. LEWIS.

## Music and Literature.

NOW PUBLISHING,

## THE LADY'S & GENTLEMAN'S WEEKLY LITERARY MUSEUM

AND

## MUSICAL MAGAZINE.

This paper is regularly published every Monday, neatly printed in quarto. A part, not exceeding two pages, is always devoted to a popular piece of MUSIC, executed with types, in an improved manner; which, for appearance and correctness may vie with any printed in the usual mode. The remaining portion of the paper is occupied with useful and entertaining miscellany, original and selected.

Eight numbers of the "Music Series" are now before the public; by which ladies and gentlemen may judge of the merits of the work now offered for their support by subscription. Those numbers contain the admired pieces,—“The Bewildered Maid,” “Love’s Young Dream,” “Ah! sure a pair was never seen,” as sung by Mr. Philipps, and “The Sailor’s Last Whistle,” and “Bruce’s Address,” as sung by Incledon, “Tho’ love is warm awhile,” &c.

TERMS.—One dollar per quarter, in advance. (For this sum, subscribers obtain, besides the literary entertainment, *thirteen* perfect pieces of music, which, at the usual retail price, would cost them three dollars and twenty-five cents!)

Subscriptions received by the editor, H. C. Lewis, No. 164, S. Eleventh-street, near Locust, and at his printing office, No. 272, Market-st. between Eighth and Ninth-streets; also, at the Book-stores of D. Hogan, Market, near Sixth-street, and W. Charles, S. Third, near Chesnut-street.

Orders from distant parts, addressed to H. C. Lewis, 272 Market-st. post-paid, and enclosing not less than one dollar, will be attended to immediately. Philadelphia, Feb. 22, 1819.

## “THE HIVE.”

A liberal price will be given for a complete copy of “*The Hive, or Repository of Literature*,” a weekly paper published by H. C. Lewis, in the City of Washington, in 1809-10, if sent to the Editor, No. 272 Market street, or 164 S. Eleventh.

Reduction! the order of the day.

## CHEAP MUSIC

For Sale at H. C. Lewis’s Store, No. 164, South Eleventh-street, near Locust, viz.

“Whilst with Village Maids I stray,”

Sung by Mrs. De Luce.

“Tho Love is warm awhile,”

“Ah! sure a Pair was never seen,”

“Bewildered Maid,”

“Love’s Young dream,”

As sung by Mr. Philipps;

“We shall live together, Laddie,”

A favourite Scotch air, &c.

“Bruce’s Address to the Army,”

“Sailor’s Last Whistle,”

As sung by Mr. Incledon;

Price 12½ cts. each,

\* \* The above pieces are all printed in the best manner, on fine post paper, remarkably strong and much better calculated for music, than the flexible, soft kind commonly used for the purpose, which is found to tear too easily in the folds—the post-paper which Mr. Lewis uses for his music is strongly sized and very difficult to break.

All music printed at this office, and sold separately from the “Museum,” is warranted correct.

PRINTED BY HENRY C. LEWIS,  
No. 272 MARKET STREET.